

CRACKAJACK

CRACKAJACK

CRACKAJACK Funnies

MA SAYS SHE'LL GIVE
ME ANOTHER DUMB'BELL
ON MY NEXT
BIRTHDAY

10¢

No. 11



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FRECKLES • TOM MIX
BUCK JONES • NEBBS
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Dan Dunn

Secret Operative 48

By
Norman
Marsh



Dan Dunn

Secret Operative 48

By
Norman
Marsh



HEY, BOYS!
THIS IS DUTCH
CHARLIE--HE'S
BEEN WITH
LOEY THE
LUG!

YEAH, SO
I SEE FROM
THE MUG ON
DIS HAND BILL!
DUTCH CHARLIE,
YOU'RE KINDA
CARELESS WID
YOUR PICTURES
AJN'TCH?



IT MUST
HAVE DROPPED
OUTA MY
DOCKET--GIMME
THAT!

NIX, DUTCH
THIS
CIRCULAR IS
AS GOOD AS
A LETTER OF
INTRODUCTION
TO O'HALLORAN!



D'YA THINK SO? THINGS
IS TOO HOT FOR ME IN
THE CITY--YOU S'POSS
O'HALLORAN
WOULD TAKE
ME ON?

SURE--RED'S
IN THE BACK
OFFICE NOW.
COMB ON,
DUTCH!



HEY! IT'S
MR-RANETTI!
IS O'HALLORAN
THERE?

YEAH--JUST
A MINUTE
AN I'LL LET
YUH IN!



BOSS, THIS IS DUTCH
CHARLIE--TRIGGER MAN
FOR LOEY THE
LUG. HE WANTS
TO WORK FOR
YOU?

IS ZAT
GO? WELL?
YOU AN'T NO
BEAUTY, BUT
I MIGHT USE
YOU DUTCH.



S'WELL! LOEY SAID YOU
WAS OKAY, TOLD ME WHAT
YOU DONE TO THE WELFARE
LEAGUE REFORMERS--HERE,
HOW YOU RUBBED OUT
JERRY STUART!



S'AWAY! YOU'RE A COOL
ONE! BUT YOU GOT NERVE--
SHOW UP HERE
TOMORROW--I'LL
START YOU IN
DRIVIN' MY CAR!

THANKS, RED,
YOU'LL FIND
OUT THAT I
KNOW MY
BUSINESS!



AND AS LONG AS
YOU OBEY ORDERS,
YOUR BUSINESS
WILL BE GOOD,
DUTCH!

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO
REMIND ME
OF THAT
O'HALLORAN,
SO LONG!

COME ON,
DUTCH--
I'LL
SHOW YOU
AROUND!



WELL, GUYS,
DUTCH WAS OKAY
WITH O'HALLORAN,
I'M GOIN' TO
SHOW HIM THE
CITY!

SO LONG,
BOYS--SEE
YOU LATER!



IF YOU'RE GOIN' TO DRIVE
FOR O'HALLORAN, WE
MIGHT AS WELL
TAKE A GANDER
AT THE TOWN,
DUTCH!

SOUNDS
REASONABLE.
GO AHEAD
RANETTI!



--AND THAT'S WHERE
CURTIS LIVES! HIM AND
STUART STARTED THE
WELFARE LEAGUE--
BUT O'HALLORAN
WILL TAKE CARE
OF CURTIS NEXT!

YEAH
LIKE HE
TOOK CARE
OF STUART.



GOODNIGHT
DUTCH!

SO LONG,
RANETTI--
WELL, I'VE ALREADY
GOT SOMETHING
TO TELL DAN
AT THE PUBLIC
LIBRARY TOMORROW!

Dan Dunn

By
Norman
Marsh

Secret Operative 48

DAN, IRWIN'S NOTE CLEARED UP SOME OF THE THINGS ABOUT WHO KILLED STUART, DIDN'T IT?

CLURTS--AND NOW THAT IRWIN IS IN WITH O'HALLORAN IT SHOULDN'T BE LONG UNTIL WE'RE ABLE TO CLOSE IN ON THEM!



YOUR EX FOREMAN, RANETTI, AND YOUNG FRANK COBB ARE IN, WITH O'HALLORAN TOO!



AND THE TWO CLUES YOU FOUND OUTSIDE MEMORIAL HALL-- WHERE STUART WAS KILLED??

THE CURTIS MFG. CO. NAME-PLATE AND THE PIECE OF BLUE SCOT? BOTH CLUES POINT TO RANETTI!



WHAT'S THIS?
MIKE! WHAT'S UP?
I JUST SAW A PROWLER SNEAKING THRU THE YARD-- I CHASED HIM, BUT HE GOT AWAY!!



MIKE! YOU SAY YOU CHASED A MAN OUT OF MR CURTIS' YARD?

SURE, JUST NOW! BUT HE GOT AWAY IN THE DARK-- DROVE OFF IN A CAR!



CLURTS, REMEMBER THAT THREAT PAINTED ON YOUR PORCH FLOOR-- YOU'RE NEXT?



DAN, DO YOU THINK THE MAN MIKE CHASED, WAS SENT BY O'HALLORAN?

YES, I DO! MIKE, I WANT YOU TO STAY CLOSE TO MR CURTIS! FROM NOW ON-- WE MUST TAKE NO CHANCES!



I'LL KEEP MY EYES ON HIM ALL THE TIME!

MIKE'S ALL RIGHT, DAN! HE'S BEEN ON THE JOB EVERY MINUTE!



HE CAN'T BE TOO WATCHFUL-- MAYBE IRWIN CAN GET SOME INFORMATION ABOUT THIS PROWLER FOR ME!!

WONDER WHO THAT MAN WAS IN THE YARD LAST NIGHT, CURTIS?



PROBABLY JUST SOMEONE OUT WALKING, DAN-- OH, MIKE! BRING MY CAR AROUND!

IT'S READY MR. CURTIS, I LEFT IT IN THE DRIVE WAY LAST NIGHT.



JUST A MINUTE--- THERE'S THE PHONE-- I'LL GET IT!

HELLO! YES, THIS IS DAN. WHO IRWIN-- WHAT'S THAT-- DON'T START THE CAR!



DAN, WHAT'S WRONG?

STOP MIKE BEFORE HE STARTS YOUR CAR



BUT MIKE'S ALREADY OUT THERE!

Dan Dunn

Secret Operative 48

By
Norman
Marsh





RED RYDER

by
Red Hoffman

DETERMINED TO FRAME RED RYDER, ACE HANLON DELIBERATELY ALLOWED LITTLE BEAVER TO OVERHEAR A PLAN TO RAID THE WELLS FARGO OFFICE AT MIDNIGHT. HE RED WANTS FOR THE HOUR, THREE RUDDY GALLUP AND DEVILS FOUR.

COME ON, BOYS!
HANLON'S GOT ANOTHER
JOB FOR US!



RED RYDER

By **FRED HANFMAN**

NOT REALIZING HE HAD BEEN THROTTLED BY BANDIT BULLS BEFORE HE GOT TO THE TOWN OFFICE BUILT, RED RYDER ACTING SHERIFF OF BOUND WIDE AREA AT THE BUREAU AT THE ALREADY LOOTED OFFICE.

THE DEVIL'S HOLE GANG DID THIS?

YES, RYDER! THEY SAID THEY WERE YOUR DEPUTES. YOU SENT THEM. YOU'RE -- ONE OF THEM -- I'M DONE FOR

RYDERS IN CANGOTS WITH THE DEVIL'S HOLE GANG? HE LET 'EM BOG THE FARGO OFFICE AND KILL THE AGENT?

GET A ROPE BOYS! WE'LL STRING HIM UP!

SMART TACK O' YOURS, MANNIN. LETTIN' THAT DIZEN KID WEAR 'N' SADDL' WOULDN'T COME OFF 'TILL MIDNIGHT?

YANK AND RYDER BEIN' HERE -- HERE, THAT KID WILL WANG HIS LASS!

RED RYDER! ACE HANFON MAKE 'EM THINK YOU ONE OF DEVIL'S GANG? THEY COMIN' HANG YOU QUICK!

A FRAME-UP, HUH? AND WITH THE AGENT DEAD, HOW CAN I CONFESS AN ANGRY MOB?

THIS ALL MY FAULT, RED RYDER? ME TELLIN' YOU TO COME HERE WORKIN' TIME!

WILD FEELIN'

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, LITTLE BEAVER! ACE HANFON TOOLD YOU!

I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF TILL YOU BRING MY HORN, THUNDER, TO THE SIDE ENTRANCE! PRONTO, KID!

THE DEVIL'S GANG FEELS GONE AND THAT'S THE HUNDRED AGENT?

RED RYDER DID IT? GET NEAR, BOYS!

STAND BACK! I'M STILL SHERIFF HERE, AND--

I'M NOT WEARIN' A SHIP FLECKIE AND NOBODY'S STOPPIN' ME FROM TAKIN' TEMPORARY LEAVE OF ABSENCE!

AFER HORN, HE'S A SUBSPACE TO THE COUNTRY?

COME ON, THUNDER!

THOUGH HE SHAKED CORN OF ANGRY CITIZENS, RED RYDER GALLON BATTLE INTO THE DEPT'S. A TIGHTER FROM THE VERY END HE BEED TO DRING TO DEVIL'S HOLE.

LITTLE BEAVER

UGH! WILD TURKEY!

THE DEVIL'S HOLE GANG?

THE DEVIL'S HOLE GANG?

THE DEVIL'S HOLE GANG?





FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



MUCH AS THE COURT REGRETS IT, THERE IS NO EVIDENCE TO SHOW THAT SYLVESTER COOK ENTERED THAT DRUG STORE WITH HONEST INTENT!

THE COIN HE CLAIMS TO HAVE LEFT, IN PAYMENT FOR THE MEDICINE HE TOOK, HAS NOT BEEN PRODUCED! IT WAS HIS SOLE ALIBI!

THE COURT WOULD LIKE TO EXERCISE CLEMENCY IN THIS CASE, BUT SENTENCE MUST NOT INTERFERE WHERE JUSTICE IS PARAMOUNT! SYLVESTER, ARE YOU READY FOR YOUR SENTENCE?

Y-YES, YOUR HONOR!

THIS COURT HEREBY COMMITS YOU TO THE STATE REFORMATORY UNTIL YOU HAVE REACHED...

JUST A MINUTE, YOUR HONOR!!

YOUNG MAN, INTERRUPTING A COURT SESSION IS A SERIOUS THING! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION?

YOUR HONOR, I THINK I HAVE EVIDENCE THAT WILL CLEAR MY FRIEND!

PROCEED WITH THE TESTIMONY!!

THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS! NO ONE KNOWS THAT A FIFTY-CENT PIECE IS ROUND AND HAS A MILLED EDGE!

MR. TWICE, YOU ARE OUT OF ORDER!

SIT DOWN!

BENEATH THE FLOOR OF THE DRUG STORE WE FOUND COINS... A DOZEN FIFTY-CENT PIECES! ONE OF THEM, I AM SURE, WAS THE COIN THAT NUTTY LEFT AS PAYMENT FOR THAT MEDICINE!

SYLVESTER, IS THERE ANY WAY YOU HAVE OF IDENTIFYING THE COIN YOU LEFT ON THE COUNTER?

I THINK I CAN DESCRIBE IT, YOUR HONOR!

SYLVESTER, WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEA THAT YOU CAN ESTABLISH AN ALIBI THRU THE IDENTIFICATION OF A COIN?

THE COIN I LEFT ON THE COUNTER, TO PAY FOR THE MEDICINE I TOOK, WAS A RARE COIN!

IT WAS ONE THAT MY GRANDFATHER GAVE ME FOR A KEEPSAKE! IT WAS THE ONLY MONEY WE HAD IN THE HOUSE!

HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO IDENTIFY IT?

THE COIN I LEFT, WAS DATED 1878... IF IT WAS AMONG THE ONES FOUND UNDER THE FLOOR, IT SHOULD PROVE MY INNOCENCE!!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



WILL A COIN OF THAT VINTAGE BE AMONG THE DOZEN FOUND UNDER THE FLOOR?



THAT SEEMS SUFFICIENT TO COVER THE COST OF THE MEDICINE, MR. TWIDGE, AND TO ASSURE YOU A HEAT PROFIT! **CASE DISMISSED!**





FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



SYLVESTER COOK HAS ESTABLISHED AN ALIBI! HE HAS GIVEN PROOF THAT ENTERING THE DRUG STORE WAS NOT DONE WITH MALICE AFORE-THOUGHT!

IT WAS FORTUNATE FOR HIM THAT HE REMEMBERED THE DATE ON THE CON HE LEFT, OR THIS CASE MIGHT HAVE HAD A SAD ENDING!

HOWEVER, IN THIS CASE THE DEFENDANT'S MOTHER WAS GRAVELY ILL, AND MANY SMARTER MEN HAVE LOST THEIR HEADS UNDER LIKE CONDITIONS!

I DO NOT UPHOLD HIS METHOD, BUT I DO UNDERSTAND THEM! NATURE ENDOWS US WITH TWO HANDS, TWO FEET AND TWO EYES, BUT UNFORTUNATELY GIVES US ONLY ONE MOTHER!

GOSH, I'M FREE, FRECK! FREE! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

I THINK I DO!

NO YOU DON'T, YOU CAN'T! IT'S NOT UNTIL YOU GET YOURSELF IN A JAM AND FEEL THAT YOU'LL NEVER HAVE YOUR FREEDOM, THAT YOU REALLY KNOW WHAT IT MEANS!

WHEN YOU'RE FREE, YOU CAN ROAM WHERE YOU WILL! YOU OWN THE SKY, THE TREES AND THE RIVERS! THEY'RE YOURS TO ENJOY!!

EVERY BIT OF NATURE THAT YOU CAN SEE WITH YOUR EYES BELONGS TO YOU! HAVE YOU EVER HAD RICH VEGETABLE SOUP AFTER IT WAS PUT THRU A SIEVE?

YEP...AN THE SIEVE TOOK AWAY ALL THE GOOD SOLID FLAVOR!

WELL, THAT'S WHAT A REFORM SCHOOL WOULD DO!!

GOSH, THAT DOG SURE IS HOWLING! I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

FRECK...WAKE UP! THERE'S A DOG HOWLING OUTSIDE!!

MUH... PLUMF... PLUMF... GRUKH... HUH?

HEY, POP... AND MOM! SOME DOG IS MAKING AN AWFUL RACKET OUTSIDE!!

WELL, GOSH, YOU ALL WERE ASLEEP, AND SURELY YOU DON'T THINK I WANTED TO LISTEN TO THAT NOISE ALL BY MYSELF?

NOW, WHAT, IN THE NAME OF GOODNESS, WAS THE OBJECT IN MAKING US ALL UP??

WELL, GOSH, YOU ALL WERE ASLEEP, AND SURELY YOU DON'T THINK I WANTED TO LISTEN TO THAT NOISE ALL BY MYSELF?



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



IT'S POODLES! AND HE HAS A NOTE PINNED TO HIS COLLAR!!



GOOD OLD POODLES! GEE, IT'S GOOD TO SEE HIM AGAIN! BOYBOY!!



THE NOTE IS FROM MR DORGAN, THE MAN WHO WAS KEEPING POODLES FOR US, ON HIS FARM!

WHAT DOES IT SAY?



THIS MUTT EATS MORE THAN A HORSE, AND HE RAISED CAIN WITH EVERYTHING ON MY FARM...



HE DUG UP MY GARDEN, BUSTED THREE WINDOWS IN MY HOTHOUSE AND RIPPED OUR DRAPES TO SHREDS...



IF YOU DONT WANT HIM, FOR PETE'S SAKE, TELL HIM I'VE MOVED TO HONOLULU AND FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, DONT GIVE HIM A PAIR OF WATER WINGS!



CAN WE KEEP HIM, POP? GEE, LOOK AT HIS PAWS... THEY'RE ALL SWOLLEN FROM WALKING SO FAR!



PUT HIM OUTSIDE AND WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT LATER!



TAG, I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T KEEP THE DOG... I HAVE ALL I CAN DO TO MAKE ENDS MEET... HE'S A LARGE DOG, AND HE EATS TOO MUCH!

AW, GEE, POP!



POODLES HAS SOME GUY BY THE BEAT OF THE PANTS AND WONT LET GO! WHAT'S ALL THE COMOTION OUTSIDE?



THERE YOU ARE, TAG! I THINK IT'S A COLLECTOR POP! YOUR DOG TRIES TO GET ME INTO A LOT OF TROUBLE! WHO IS HE CHASING, FRECKLES?

I THINK IT'S A COLLECTOR POP!



WELL, PERHAPS I WAS MISTAKEN ABOUT THE DOG, TAG! RUN OUT TO THE ICEBOX AND GET HIM A LAMB CHOP!!



REMEMBER, TAG, YOUR DOG WILL BE KEPT ON PROBATION! IF HE BECOMES TOO MUCH OF A NUISANCE, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM!

GEE, POP, THANKS!



HE'S A HECK OF A MUTT!

HE IS NOT! HE'S A THOROUGHBRED HONGRED, POP SAID!

SURE HE IS, FUZZY... YOU JUST DONT KNOW CLASS WHEN YOU SEE IT!!



WHAT'S A THOROUGHBRED?

WELL, THAT MEANS THAT IF POODLES COULD TALK, HE WOULDN'T EVEN SPEAK TO GUYS LIKE US!!



HE AN'T SO HOT! THEY REACH DOWN TO THE SIDE-WALK, DON'T THEY?

YOUR'RE GOOPY... THEY REACH CLEAR DOWN TO THE SIDE-WALK, DON'T THEY?

CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



A shipment of dope was made by the British Government to its troops in South Africa for medicinal purposes. Extreme secrecy guarded every move prior to its departure from South Hampton. It was believed that not a false motion was made that Scotland Yard did not frustrate before it had an opportunity to prevent the safe loading of the dope onto the ship. Yet, when the box arrived at Cape Town, it was learned that bricks had been substituted for the original content.

Investigations in London convinced the authorities that but one man, Manuel Batisti, who had worked where the dope had been packed, could possibly know anything about it. He alone could have made the substitution, and he had disappeared at the time of the shipment.

Immediately, a search was made for him. He was traced to Germany and from there to Holland. Then, Scotland Yard lost all trace of him, until some time after, through an anonymous note, they learned he had come to the United States.

Dan Dunn, Secret Operative 48, was placed in charge of the investigation in this country.

Very little was known about the dope, so it became doubly difficult to handle the case. Because of this, Dan Dunn consulted a Dr. Jones, head of the Narcotic Prevention Association.

"Just what is this dope like, Dr. Jones?" asked Dunn. "I haven't seen any of it, yet, Dan. So far, there has been none of it in this country to my knowledge."

"Isn't there some way to describe it?" asked Dan.

"It consists of opium and another ingredient, a weed, which has recently been discovered. The dope you're after is known to the medical world as Opium X, Dan."

"What effect does it have on its victims, Dr. Jones?"

"According to medical journals, Dan, it knocks them out more quickly, causes a very strange type of illness, even kills many in a few moments time."

With this information to go on Dan set out to visit the dives of New York City. For a couple of weeks he

found no one who even knew anything about this Batisti, who was missing from London, but during that same period, the hospitals reported strange cases of sickness, apparently brought about through some unknown dope. Many of their patients died. And, always, they were persons who had some form of wealth.

Then, from an apartment house on the upper West Side, the word came to Dan that a man, answering the description of Batisti, had just moved in, and that he had amongst his luggage a very heavy, strange-looking trunk.

Dan rushed up to the apartment, but the fellow had already moved out.

"He was evidently tipped off," Dan told the superintendent. "That convinces me that he's only part of a ring."

Later, through the taxi driver who had moved the man with the trunk, Dan learned where he had located. He had also gone from there by the time the detective arrived. This kept up from place to place for another week. In the meantime, the fiend was claiming new victims for his Opium X. And, always, those who had seen him, remarked about his strange-looking trunk.

Finally, Dan rounded up a number of men known to have connections in the opium trade and questioned them. They told all they knew to save their own necks, but they didn't know, or wouldn't tell what was in that trunk Batisti had.

"We don't know where Batisti keeps the stuff," said one of his ring. "He never lets us see. We didn't even know about the trunk. He must keep it out of sight. Maybe in another room."

At last, Dan, with the aid of an assistant, got the drop on Batisti and closed in on him, on a cold winter evening, when the radiators of the apartment were steaming.

"My name is Manuel Batisti, all right," admitted the man whose apartment Dan had just broken into, "but I know nothing about the Opium X."

"Don't hand me that line, Batisti," snapped Dan Dunn. "We know you've been murdering countless victims with it for weeks, just to get their money."

"It's a lie," replied Batisti, who walked to a window and began to open it.

"Wait a minute, Batisti," said Dan. "What are you opening that window for?"

"It's very warm in here."

"Yeah, I noticed that when I came in," said Dan. "But, what's that awful odor?"

"Why, err, nothing. It probably comes from upstairs."

"Upstairs nothing," said Dan. "It is in that room there!" and he started in to investigate. But Batisti tried to stop him. As Dan opened the door, there was the arange trunk, split wide open from the heat which had expanded the Opium X, stuffed between the outer covering and an inner copper lining.

Manuel Batisti was given a life sentence and the Opium X was returned to the British troops in South Africa, to be used as an ingredient in medicines to counteract the jungle fevers.

Major Hoople



PLAYING RIGHT INTO THEIR HANDS



TRAILED TO HIS HIDE OUT

The following Major boys and girls won a dollar for their letters last month:

Judy Seay
Masao Tomita
Richard Reid
George Haussman
Eugene Cumberland
James Fitzgerald
Burton Orr McMinimy
Carson McLead
James Sabia
Dorothy Warfe
Myrtle Howard
Luther B. Avery
Albino Lesza
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Jack Kelly
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Peter Menovich

Judson Marble
Eugene Melrood
Mary Jo Yancey
Edward Chun
Mary Silva
Woodrow Storms
Andrew Kirby
Allen C. Skiles
Esther Krosin
LaVerna Morris
Tom Sargis
Marjorie Musil
John Ray Glaschel
Lawson Strahan
Betsy Kido
Carolyn Chambers
June Lynn

Eugene Elmer Poche
Mario DeMarco
Martha Doherty
Clyde Kitchens
Dan Heilman
Robert Allan McAllister
Al Davis
W. Armour Panzer
Emmet Murry
Cornell Allen
Eleanore Eboli
Robert Glazier
Jean Gaskill
George Okumura
Alex Lewis
Thomas Waterhouse

BUCK JONES

and the
BANDITS OF
DEAD MAN'S GULCH

by JIM GARY

ON LEAVING FROM WADDE'S SINS THAT THE 'WOLF GANG' IS SET TO HOLD UP THE FRISCO EXPRESS IN DEAD MAN'S GULCH, SHERIFF BUCK JONES RIDES INTO A TRAP SET BY LOOK MAZE, LEADER OF THE GANG...







JUST AS THE FLAME BURNS THROUGH A BUCK'S BOUNDS, THE FRISCO EXPRESS WHISTLES FOR FIVE-MILE CROSSING.





BUCK RACES ALONG THE SLAM DUMP... HESITATES A MOMENT ON THE BRINK OF A SHEER NINETY FOOT DROP TO THE LAKE BELOW... THEN...



SILVER LEAPS!



TO BE CONTINUED (4)

ANNIBELLE

by
VIRGINIA
KRAUSMANN



Ted's Brake
Whiles Jim's
Now Money and Projects
Aren't Comin' to Him

BOYS! EARN MONEY AND A BIKE!

FILL your pockets with cash. Earn any of 300 big prizes, including printing press, movie machine, athletic equipment, or a down the street. Comes equipped with latest accessories. Start earning prizes and making money now. It's easy. In your spare time just deliver our magazines to customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize the first day. Mail coupon to start.

Mail This Coupon Now

Jim Thayer, Dept. 257
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim, I want to make MONEY and earn PRIZES by starting out at once.

Name _____

Address _____

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APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

BY MARTHA ORR

FOOL! DO YOU CALL MARRYING TEN MILLION DOLLARS, FOOLISH?

OH, CUTHBERT'S ALL RIGHT, HE'S JUST DUMB. BUT WHAT DIFFERENCE WILL THAT MAKE, WHEN PEGGY AND I ARE LIVING IN LUXURY?

YOU CAN'T DRAG PEGGY INTO THIS MESS!

THEN I SHALL TELL SIR CUTHBERT EVERYTHING.

JUST TRY IT!

YEP! WHEN IT'S GOT YOUR PRECIOUS SIR CUTHBERT GOLDENGLIDERS ATTACHED TO IT.

I'M HER MOTHER, I'LL DO AS I PLEASE.

SLAM!

CLICK!

AW, SHE SMOKED TOO MANY CIGARETTES YESTERDAY.

WHAT AILS YOUR GRAN MA TODAY, DENNIE?

A WOMAN LOCKED HER UP IN A HOTEL ROOM, SO GRANMA SMOKED A WHOLE PACKAGE ALL AT ONCE.

WAS SHE TRYING TO CALM HER NERVES?

NAW, SHE BLEW THE SMOKE OUT THE WINDOW, TILL FOLKS THOUGHT THE ROOM WAS ON FIRE, AND BUSTED IN THE DOOR.

HOW EXCITING!

TAKE A LONG, LINGERING LOOK AT YONDER MAN, DENNIE.

THAT BIRD TALKING TO PEGGY'S MOTHER?

THAT'S SIR CUTHBERT. SHE'S GONNA MARRY HIM.

MY GOSH, WHAT CAN SHE SEE IN THAT FISH FACE.

HE'S GOT TEN MILLION SMACKERS, AND THAT'S FROSTING ENOUGH TO MAKE A WET FLAPJACK LOOK LIKE ANGEL FOOD CAKE.

THEN WHAT'S HE DOING DOWN HERE?

PROBABLY SLUMMING.

THE DUKE SURE HAS GOT A RITZY AIR ABOUT 'IM.

'S NOTHIN' TO THE AIR HE'S GONNA GET, IF HE DON'T PAY HIS BACK RENT.

WOW! SIR CUTHBERT TOLD PEGGY'S MOTHER HE HAD TEN MILLION DOLLARS, AND WE JUST FOUND OUT HE LIVES IN THAT DUMP AND OWES BACK ROOM RENT.

I'M NOT SO SURE WE WILL TELL HER, DENNIE.

WAIT'LL WE TELL HER—

APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

BY MARTHA ORR



APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

BY MARTHA ORR



CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



The Crime Commission in the town where Freckles lived offered a reward of \$1,000 for the capture of a gang which had been responsible for numerous fires in that locality.

Previous success in apprehending criminals had given Freckles and his friend, Nutty Cook, the idea that they might put their heads together and see what could be done about this new crime wave.

"What are we going to do when we get the reward, Freckles?" asked Nutty.

"That's where the big problem comes in, Nutty."

"That would be a lot of money for us to spend," suggested Nutty. "Besides, if crooks knew we had that much, they might kidnap us and steal it."

"Yeah, that's bad, Nutty," agreed Freckles. "We'll have to think of some good use for it."

"But, I can't think of anybody who needs that much money around here, Freckles."

"I've got it, Nutty!" said Freckles, happily. "You know that old widow whose house burned down last week?"

"You mean the one that caught fire from that big building the gang burned?"

"Yes. We'll give her the money to buy a new house so she won't be homeless any more," said Freckles.

"Say, Freckles, that's a swell idea. Okay, we'll do that."

That evening, Freckles' mother became very curious about the secretive manner of Freckles and his pal.

"What on earth are you two boys up to, now, Freckles?" she wanted to know.

"Can't tell you, ma, unless you promise not to say a word to any one," replied her son.

"All right, I promise. What is it?"

"Nutty and I are going to catch the gang that's starting all the fires around town," Freckles told his mother.

"Just you watch your steps, boys, or you're likely to get yourselves into trouble," advised Mrs. McGoosey.

Seeing that they did not receive the hearty approval of Freckles' mother, nothing more was said about it. But, the next morning, the two boys met and pulled all their things over.

"Don't get this, Nutty. I overheard a guy up off the

newsdealer to pass the word along that the Mammoth Warehouse is to be burned tonight," said Freckles.

"You think we better tip off the cops, Freckles?"

"No, I have a better plan. We'll go down to the warehouse early and wait inside the building where we can hear some of their plans and maybe find out where their hideout is."

"Ain't that pretty risky, Freckles."

"Now, Nutty. Just before they set fire to the place, we'll run out the back way, then we can follow them to their hideout."

On their way to the warehouse, the boys met a friend of the family and he asked where they were going.

Feeling sure that no one knew about the plan of the gang, but themselves, Freckles told him they were going to the Mammoth Warehouse.

Later that evening, secretly crouched behind some packing cases in the warehouse, Freckles and Nutty fulfilled the first part of their plan. They got a line on the hideout where the gang was to meet following the firing of the huge building. It was an old farmhouse on the edge of town, just off the main state highway.

Just as the boys were about to leave, Freckles looked towards the rear entrance and saw flames already spreading rapidly in their direction.

"What will we do, Freckles?" asked Nutty, fearfully.

"I don't know, yet, but there must be a way out."

"Someone in the gang must have been starting the fire in another part of the building while they were talking in this room," said Nutty.

Ducking in and out past the licking flames, the boys finally discovered an opening in the burning warehouse. Later, they found their way to the hideout they had heard the criminals describe.

In the meantime, the friend, who had passed Freckles on the street, heard about the fire, and, remembering what the boy had told him, contacted Freckles' parents. They rushed to the burning building and enlisted the aid of the firemen in a careful search, but nothing was found of them. The two parents were frantic, as they felt sure their boy and his friend had been burned to ashes.

While Mr. and Mrs. McGoosey were weeping in the police station, Freckles and Nutty left the hideout and ran to a service station along the state highway and got the manager to phone the police. The boys quickly rushed back to keep an eye on the crooks.

The police and the boys' parents sped to the hideout, but, while they were on their way, one of the gang discovered the boys and they were taken captive.

The police surrounded the farmhouse, captured the entire gang, and saved the boys.

When the reward was presented to Freckles and Nutty, a reporter asked if they intended saving the money for college. Freckles told of his intention to give it to the widow whose house had burned, but this fine, unselfish spirit prompted those present to subscribe to a fund for the old lady and the boys were allowed to keep their reward for college.



CLYDE BEATTY

DAREDEVIL LION AND TIGER TRAINER




Dear Mr. Beatty -
I am sending you Bagg as a loan for the season - I am one of your admirers. I will call for Bagg next fall. He's yours & thank.





CLYDE BEATTY

DAREDEVIL LION AND TIGER TRAINER






CLYDE BEATTY

DAREDEVIL LION AND TIGER TRAINER




CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



While traveling down the west coast of South America on a vacation cruise, Myra North, Special Nurse, was a guest at the Captain's table. Among the other guests was a wealthy old lady, accompanied by her physician, who had advised the trip for her health.

One evening, the elderly lady, who, by the way, was a Mrs. Johnson, widow of a prominent manufacturer, was missing from the table. The Captain inquired and thought it rather strange that she was not there. Since her doctor was also absent, the Captain was certain she must be ill. He decided to investigate immediately after dinner.

Mrs. Johnson was ill. Her doctor was out on deck when the Captain arrived at her cabin. The door was ajar, and he walked in. The patient reeled sick and half dazed. He quickly sent for Myra North to come and help.

During this time, Dr. Stanton was on deck talking to Joe Kingsley, his confederate.

"As soon as she's completely under that dope I gave her," said Dr. Stanton, "you come into her cabin and we'll toss her overboard."

"Okay, Stanton," said Kingsley. "Did she sign the Power-of-Attorney, so you can handle her money?"

"That's all taken care of, Kingsley. Just do as I say."

"And I get cut in on half the stakes, right?"

"Yes, of course," agreed Dr. Stanton.

Myra North discovered that Mrs. Johnson had been doped, and told the Captain so.

"Who do you think might have done it, Miss North?" asked the Captain. "Her doctor seems okay."

"Possibly," replied Myra, "but we shall see. Suppose you send for him, Captain."

Dr. Stanton was soon brought back to his patient's cabin. He denied all knowledge of what had happened, inferring that it must have been during his absence.

"I do recall, now that you mention it," said the doctor, intending to get the only person who knew anything about his plan out of the way. "Just as I left Mrs. John-

son's cabin, I saw a man hanging around outside. He acted a bit strange, but I thought nothing of it at the time."

"Would you know this man again, Dr. Stanton?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, I believe I would," replied the physician.

Myra nursed Mrs. Johnson back to health, then left her in the care of her doctor. The following evening, Dr. Stanton met his aide, Kingsley, in a secluded spot on deck.

"Now, remember, Kingsley," said the doctor, "as soon as you see me walk Mrs. Johnson past the life boats, you step out and hold us up."

"Then what happens," asked Kingsley.

"Together we toss her to the sharks. No one will be the wiser."

"Okay, I'll keep my hand over her mouth, if I can."

"You'd better make sure, Kingsley. We don't want any slips."

"I never failed you before, did I, Stanton?"

"There'd better not be a first time, either, Kingsley. Especially on this job. There's too much money at stake."

That same evening, late, while Myra was telling the Captain that Dr. Stanton hadn't fooled her-much, cries were heard on deck. They and others quickly rushed to the scene, but found no one but Dr. Stanton and Joe Kingsley, trying to duck out of sight.

As soon as they were discovered, the Doctor began to accuse his confederate of pushing Mrs. Johnson overboard.

"What were you both running away for?" asked Myra.

"I was merely trying to grab this man before he disappeared from the scene," replied the doctor.

"He lies!" shouted Kingsley, having realized that Stanton was trying to make him take the rap alone. "He was in on it with me."

"Why the man is mad!" shouted Stanton. "I was walking along the deck with Mrs. Johnson and he held us up, then, with one hand lifted her bodily over the rail."

"Why, you dirty rat!" exclaimed Kingsley.

"I don't think your accomplice is so very far wrong. Mister Phoney Doctor," said Myra, rather sarcastically.

"No? Why?" asked Stanton, with an air of assurance.

"Because!" snapped Myra. "I happened to search your kit right after Mrs. Johnson was poisoned and I found a bottle of the same dope that was used to put her under."

Just then, moans were heard from the deck below. Mrs. Johnson's clothes had caught on the side of the boat as she was tossed over, and the stiff wind had swept her onto the lower deck.

After the aged widow had been revived, she accused the doctor of having helped in the attempted murder.

Dr. Stanton and his pal, Joe Kingsley were immediately placed in chains and turned over to the authorities at the next port of call, from where they were returned to the United States and sentenced to long prison terms.



Don Winslow

OF THE NAVY

LIEUT. COMDR FV MARTINEK USN

ONE QUICK LOOK AT THE SECRET PAPERS THAT RED FOUND ABOARD THE OUTLAW SHIP AND DON GIVES QUICK ORDERS

RED WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT TO THE NEAREST SHIP OF THE INTERNATIONAL PATROL WITHOUT WASTING A MINUTE...PULL! PULL!

OKAY!
(PUFF)
SKIPPER!!
(PUFF, PUFF)



AN HOUR LATER THEY HAIL A BRITISH CRUISER

THREE SPANISH REFUGEES EH? PUT OVER A ROPE LADDER FOR EM-

AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN



YOU WANT THE CAPTAIN? RIGHTO - HERE HE COMES



OUR RESPECTS TO YOU, SIR - WE'RE COMMANDER WINSLOW AND LIEUTENANT PENNINGTON, U. S. NAVY -- WE BRING NEWS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE, SIR!



SOME POWERFUL OUTLAW IS TRYING TO START A WORLD WAR? THAT'S INCREDIBLE!

BUT THE FIRST STEP'S HERE IN BLACK AND WHITE SIR



DESTRUCTION OF THE SOUTH DAKOTA OF AMERICA AS THE SHIP REACHES EUROPEAN WATERS BY A CLEVER TRICK THE BLAME WILL BE THROWN UPON A FRIENDLY NATION AND THE IMMEDIATE RESULT WILL BE A DECLARATION OF WAR



THE SOUTH DAKOTA? WHY, THAT'S ONE OF YOUR NAVY'S OLDER BATTLESHIPS!

YES, SIR -- HEADING FOR EUROPE ON A NAVAL ACADEMY PRACTICE CRUISE!









WIN A TYPEWRITER

ALSO \$50
FOR YOU

AR-R-R-K, POLLY CAN
WIN A TYPEWRITER
AR-R-R-K, AR-R-R-K!



BET I WIN
THIS CONTEST!



Hello, boys and girls! We give you your opportunity to show off your pet—mouse—and at the same time win a typewriter completely free, two swell portable typewriters for one dollar prizes.

HERE'S how your pet can win a snapshot of your dog, cat, or mouse—not more than 100 words tell us about him from his looks (and he doesn't need to talk)—not from the meow, bark, or purr. Write a letter telling us a picture of your pet about him and mail it to CONTEST, 149 Madison Street, Chicago, March 23, 1939. (Send your picture to the left of the page.)

THE BOY and the girl can win a typewriter along with a letter telling us about their pet—portable typewriter. Each typewriter is one dollar each. May the best pet win!

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET AND NUMBER _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

My favorite comic in CRACKERJACK IS: _____

The winners will be notified by mail.
The winning picture will be published in the next issue of CRACKERJACK.

TYPEWRITER!

50.00 IN CASH PRIZES
FOR YOUR PET'S PHOTO

Welcome to CRACKERJACK'S new contest. Here's
off your pet—whether it's a dog, cat, canary, or white
time win a swell prize. We're giving away absolute-
e typewriters, complete with carrying case, and fifty

h win one of these Grand Prizes for you: Mail in a
cat, or whatever he happens to be, and a letter of
telling us about him or her. Your pet will be judged
e don't have to have a pedigree, either)
merit of the snapshot. Of course, your
s about him will help too. So, dig up a
r best pal or take a new one, write us
mail it to CRACKERJACK'S PET CON-
dison Avenue, New York City before
9. Be sure to paste the coupon (at the
e) on the back of your snapshot.

he girl submitting the best picture
etter will receive, absolutely FREE a
er. The fifty next best photos win a
r the Best Pet Win!



SAY, WHY NOT
PHOTOGRAPH
ME? I CAN
SIT UP TOO!



notified immediately after the closing date of this contest
ictures will appear in another issue of this magazine

SPEED BOLTON AIR ACE

SPEED BOLTON ON A SECRET TRIP TO HIBET WITH DR. WU AND DR. CHANG. HE IS FORCED DOWN BY AGENTS OF MAJOR EGAN, THE PRINCE'S ESCORT, AND MEETS HIS BOYFRIENDS WHO HELP HIM BANDIT CAMP WHERE MISS LEE IS EGAN'S CAPTIVE.

DR. WU AND SPEED BOLTON ARE PROBABLY LOOKING FOR ME, NOW.

LET US START BACK, PRINCE—WE MAY MEET THEM.



TAKE IT EASY, DR. WU— YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT SOON.

THIS IS THE FUGITIVE CRIMINAL, MR. BOLTON?



MEANWHILE, SPEED AND DR. WU ARE TRYING TO FIND OUT HOW TO GET INTO HIS CAMP. YOU, DR. CHANG?

WE'LL GIVE YOU TEN MINUTES TO TELL US WHERE THE PRINCE IS, MISS LEE.

I'VE TOLD YOU I DON'T KNOW!



WHILE IN THE BANDIT CAMP.

...AND WE'LL COME BACK FOR YOU, DR. WU.

YES—AS SOON AS WE FIND PRINCE CHANG-LI!!



THINK THE PRINCE ONLY CAME THIS WAY, SPEED?

ABSOLUTELY! ONLY WHY HE COULD HAVE COME SHORT!



...AND WHEN I'M KING OF THE EMPIRE IN THE SKIES, I'LL REWARD YOU, BOYS—

WE NO WANT REWARD, PRINCE. WE HELP YOU.

SURE—WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS, PRINCE!



MISS LEE, YOU TELL WHERE IS PRINCE, OR I TWIST ARM TILL SHE BREAK!

AND IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, WE HAVE OTHER WAYS.

HOW CAN I TELL YOU IF I DON'T KNOW!



MEANWHILE IN THE BANDIT CAMP.

SPEED BOLTON • AIR ACE



SPEED BOLTON • AIR ACE



SPEED BOLTON • AIR ACE

PRINCE! THERE'S SPEED AND SHORTY INSIDE THE CAMP!!!

I HOPE THEY SAVE US, MISS LEE



"BUT, CHIEF WE'VE GOT TO GET PRINCE CHANG-LI OUT OF THAT AMMUNITION HUT"

BY SURPRISE, MAJOR EGAN



SPEED OVERHEARS MAJOR EGAN MENTION WHERE THE PRINCE IS HIDDEN

THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY WITH IT, EH EGAN!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET, BOLTON



SPEED DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE SLEEPING GUARDS WHEN HE FIRED THE SHOT

YOU'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT, BOLTON

NOT HALF AS TOUGH AS YOU'LL BE IN, EGAN



LOCK THEM IN THE HUT WITH THE OTHER TWO, CHIEF

I THINK MAYBE PRINCE AND MISS LEE. WELCOME THEM, MAJOR EGAN



DID THAT CHIEF SAY SALLY WAS LOCKED UP SHORTY

SOUNDED A LOT LIKE IT TO ME, SPEED



WITH SPEED AND SHORTY LOCKED UP TOO, HOW WILL THEY BE ABLE TO RESCUE PRINCE CHANG-LI AND SALLY

THE NEBBS

BY SOL HESS



THE NEBBBS

BY SOL HESS



THE NEBBBS

BY SOL HESS



ED TRACER
"G-MAN
X32
 VS
"THE PIRANHA"
GHASTLY KILLER

ED TRACER AND JIMMIE STEWART ARE TOWING A BLACK SEDAN IN WHICH PRINCESS HELENA OF SPAINIA AND COUNT PIERRE ARE CAPTIVES OF "PIRANHA" AID'S

© STEPHEN S. BRADLEY, INC. 1977



BLACK SEDAN STOPS IN FRONT OF SENOR BOMEZ' HOME. POSING AS WEALTHY PLANTER, HE'S SECRETLY THE "PIRANHA"



TAKE CARE OF THE COUNT, MIKE

WE'LL LET THE PIRANHA DO THAT, CHUCK



THAT GANG MUST HAVE A 16 CYLINDER JOB, ED

YES, BUT WE'LL FIND THEM, JIM



WE BROUGHT YOU PRINCESS HELENA LIKE YOU SAID, PIRANHA

I AM FLATTERED YOUR FIGURE IS, THAT YOU VISIT ME

YOU'LL TRY FOR THIS PIRANHA WHOEVER YOU ARE

PIRANHA'S G-MAN ED TRACER AND JIMMIE STEWART TO RADIO TOWER AND CALL TO CONTACT WITH THE BLACK SEDAN

WHILE, PIRANHA'S AIDES PRESENT THEIR CAPTIVES TO THEIR DISGUISED LEADER



G-MAN TRACER RIDES PAST THE BLACK SEDAN HE WAS TOWING



LOOK, JIM! THAT'S THE SEDAN THE PRINCESS WAS IN!

YOU'RE RIGHT, ED!



FOHLEK! PLACE COUNT PIERRE IN ONE OF THE CELL ROOMS

OKAY, PIRANHA

ED TRACER "G-MAN X 32



ED TRACER "G-MAN X 32



ED TRACER "G-MAN" X 32



CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



Conversation at "our boardinghouse," the domicile where Major Hoople makes his abode, frequently takes on mighty strange hues. On this evening in question, one of the boarders, a certain McDuff, had brought home a guest for dinner. He was rather a modest old fellow, named Macbeth, an old-time actor who had long since played his last role upon the stage, but who still carried around in his heart a most fervent love for the theatre.

"Major, I want to present my old friend, Macbeth," said McDuff.

"Ah, yes, Macbeth . . . Macbeth," said the Major. "What fond memories that name always brings back to me."

"And to me, Major Hoople," said the elderly Macbeth.

"Then, you, too, were familiar with that great Shakespearean character, my good man?" questioned Hoople.

Quickly, the old man was transformed into the character he had once played, as he said, "Familiar? Familiar, you ask? Why, my dear Major Hoople, I own the character! I shall always express the true heart and soul of Macbeth!"

"Oh, come now, my dear sir," said the Major. "Let's not be facetious over such a serious matter."

"But, I am serious, Major Hoople," replied the old gentleman.

"Tut, Tur, pff, pff. Eh, my dear Mister Macbeth, I am fully aware that you use the same name as that of the great character about whom we are talking, but that to me is a mere coincidence."

"And my life on the stage," resumed the aged Macbeth, "was devoted almost exclusively to Shakespearean roles."

"Well, my humblest apologies, sir," said Major Hoople. "You see, in view of my own years of devotion to the theatre, I could not possibly allow anyone to trifle with so great a character as Macbeth without at least some manner of explanation."

"Why, Major, you never mentioned anything to me about having been on the stage," said McDuff, surprised.

"A true artist never brags about his achievements," said the Major, with an attempt at modesty.

"Quite right, Major," agreed Macbeth.

"Yes," quickly resumed the Major before he had time to change the subject. "I was perhaps the greatest unknown actor who ever stepped a talented foot on the stage of the American theatre."

"What name did you use on the stage, Major Hoople?" asked the elderly Macbeth.

"A Hoople never changes his name, sir!" replied the Major. "Once a Hoople, always a Hoople."

"But, I don't recall the name during my years in the theatre," said Macbeth.

"No, sir, it is but one of those sad ironies of life," solemnly replied the Major. "My work will go on forever in the hearts of those who knew it, but, alas, my name remains unknown."

"In other words," said McDuff, "your work in the theatre was a blank, is that it, Major?"

"Sir, to be or not to be, that was the great question that I was forced to decide during my beginning years on the stage," said Hoople.

"I thought that was Macbeth's line, Major," replied McDuff, sarcastically.

"It was also mine. I mean, I too, had the same problem confronting me," said the Major.

"Now, let's get down to some common ground here, Major," said McDuff.

"Quite right, McDuff. You see, I was confronted with a choice of two paths to take."

"The right road or the wrong road?" queried McDuff.

"I had to decide between fame and service to those in the theatre and the theatre itself, which I loved so dearly," said Major Hoople.

"So, you simply cast fame out the window, just like that, eh Major?"

"In a sense, yes, McDuff. And, it so happened that because of my wise decision, the theatre has been able to exist."

"You mean, because your name was never publicly associated with it, Major?" asked McDuff.

"No," replied the Major, "but, because I chose to remain behind the scenes . . ."

"And hold them up?" broke in McDuff.

"No, you idiot, but to enable other great actors to retain their greatness, by coaching and training them."

"I suppose you trained Lon Chaney in his role of the Hunchback of Notre Dame," said McDuff.

"Precisely, my dear McDuff," replied the Major.

"Is that how you got that hump on your back, Major?"

"It is. Due to long gruelling hours of rehearsing."

"Sorry, I guess I've had you wrong all these years, Major."

"How so, my good man?"

"I always thought it developed from your constantly slapping yourself on your back."

"EHHH, HUM, WHY, ERR—HAVE YOU NOTICED THE SLIGHT CHILL IN THE AIR LATELY?" concluded the Major.

TOM MIX

and the
KIDNAPERS OF
CHOLLA WASH

by
JIM
STEVENS

WHILE TRYING TO SAVE JULIUS FERN'S SISTER, GAIL, FROM KIDNAPPING, TOM IS STRUCK FROM BEHIND AND TAKEN PRISONER. BULL EADIE AND MITCH WOOTEN TAKE TOM AND GAIL TO A LONELY MOUNTAIN CABIN.



MITCH, YOU TAKE THAT RANSOM NOTE DOWN TO OLD FERN.

SURE, BULL, — BUT WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SIGNIN' IT EL GATO?



EL GATO IS A MEX BANDIT. FERN WILL HAVE TO SELL THE RANCH NOW TO COVER THE RANSOM.



ANY SIGNS OF MISS GAIL YET, JULIUS? THERE ISN'T ANYONE AROUND BULL'S PLACE!



AT THE S/F RANCH

NO, LANKY. I HOPE SHE'S ALRIGHT. IF THIS IS SOME OF BULL'S —



BOTH MEN ARE STARTLED AS A ROCK CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW —



GREAT SCOTT! GAIL'S BEEN KIDNAPPED BY EL GATO! THIS MEANS I'LL HAVE TO SELL THE RANCH.

I'LL GO FOR THE SHERIFF! I MUST HAVE GOT TOM TOO.



MITCH WATCHES AS LANKY RIDES FOR THE SHERIFF —



HE RAN OUT HIMSELF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE HIDEOUT CABIN —



TOM MIX

and the
KIDNAPERS OF
CHOLLA WASH

by JIM STEVENS



TOM MIX

and the
KIDNAPERS of
CHOLLA WASH

by
JIM
STEVENS

THE TWO SCOUNDRELS
WATCH AS THE SHERIFF
LEAVES THE 3/F RANCH



AS SOON AS THE POSSE IS OUT OF SIGHT,
THE TWO ENTER FERN'S RANCH HOUSE—



I HEAR YOU NEED
CASH QUICK, FERN!
YUH BETTER SELL
THIS PLACE TO
US, PRONTO!



NEVER! I BELIEVE
YOU TWO KNOW WHERE
MY SISTER IS AND
I—

YEAH! WELL, I'M
THRU FOOLIN' ABOUT
THIS SALE! GET
THE DEED, FERN.
AN' SIGN IT 'FORE
THIS IRON GOES OFF!



THE BEDRIDDEN MAN
REACHES FOR HIS GUN

WHY
YOU—!



MEANWHILE IN THE OUTLAW'S CABIN—TOM HAS SLIPPED HIS BONDS!

I GUESS THAT'LL
FIX YOU, BUCKO!

LOOK OUT, TOM
—THE DOOR!



WHAT'S ALL
TH—!

RAISE 'EM
HIGH, COWBOY!
NOW, CALL THE
BOYS IN!



COME IN, GENTS,
WITH YOUR HANDS
UP! GET THEIR GUNS,
MISS GAIL!



TOM MIX

and the
KIDNAPERS of
CHOLLA WASH

by
JIM
STEVENS



How To Draw

by HUGH HARMAN
and RUDOLF ISING

ANIMATED CARTOONS



FIRST DRAW A PEANUT FOR A BODY - ADD THE HEAD - LEGS -
TAIL - ETC - NOW TRY DRAWING HIM IN DIFFERENT POSES !!

CAN YOU FINISH THIS LITTLE STORY ?
STUDY THE ACTION CLOSELY !



SAVE THESE DRAWINGS - THEY'LL MAKE VALUABLE REFERENCES !



FIRST DRAW
THE BODY -

NOW ADD
ARMS - LEGS
ETC -

TRY TO SKETCH IN A SUITABLE BACKGROUND !

TIME MARCHES BACK

THE TIME MACHINE IS A FAMOUS NEW INVENTION OF LOONEY LUKE. WITH A SIMPLE TWIST OF THE DIAL, IT CAN TRANSPORT HIM OVER THE SPAN OF YEARS INTO ANY AGE. THE DUSTY PAST, OR THE MISTY MYSTERIOUS FUTURE! LOONEY HAS



DIALED HIMSELF BACK TO THE STONE AGE, WHERE HE HAS SET HIMSELF UP IN BUSINESS AS A WRITER.

ARE YOU GOING TO FIGHT AGAINST THE STONE CHISELERS' UNION, LOONEY?

CERTAINLY, THEY CAN'T RUN ME OUT OF BUSINESS BECAUSE MY PEN WORKS QUICKER THAN THEIR CHISELS.



THERE'S A MOB OF THEM WAITING FOR YOU OUT IN FRONT RIGHT NOW - I'M AFRAID THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE TROUBLE FOR YOU, LOONEY.



DON'T FEAR - I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THESE MOBS. I'LL GO AND TALK TO THEM LIKE A FATHER!
I DON'T LIKE IT.



GENTLEMEN AND CHISELERS...



DOWN WITH LOONEY!

FOR TWO SLUGS I'D SLUG HIM!



WHAT HAPPENED, LOONEY? DID YOU TALK TO THEM LIKE A FATHER?



YEAH - BUT THEY TREATED ME LIKE A MOTHER.

HOW COME?

THEY TRIED TO ROCK ME TO SLEEP.



BOOTS by Martin



HEY, PRINCESS— I GOTTA IDEA

OH, STOP BRASSING

MY DINNER CAME TO EIGHTY CENTS AN'—UH—HEH HEH— I'VE GOT JUST EXACTLY EIGHTY CENTS! THAT'S A COINCIDENCE!

IT'S A MIRACLE



BUT, LOOK! I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU TO A MOVIE— ONLY, I CAN'T DO THAT AN' PAY FOR TH' DINNER, TOO

WELL—L-L-L—



YOU PAY FOR YOUR DINNER AND I'LL TAKE YOU TO A MOVIE



!!! OOOO DOES THAT MAKE ME SORE



S'AND ENOUGH FOR TH' FELLAS TIME TH' TELEPHONE SO MUCH, BUT WHEN THEY MARK OTHER GIRLS PHONE NUMBERS ON MY WALL, THAT'S CARRY'N' IT TOO DINEY FAR



I SAW CORA— HAS BOOTS HEARD ANY FURTHER WORDS FROM STUFF SINCE HE WROTE THAT HE WAS MARRIED?

I DON'T THINK SO



SHE HAAST MENTIONED HIS NAME! I DARE-SAY SHE'S FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT HIM

I WONDER



WELL, AT LEAST, FOR THE PRESENT! I IMAGINE THAT'S WHY SHE'S BEEN SO BUSY HELPING OUT AT THE TEN ROOM! * TO LOSE ONESELF IS TO BE GAINED; * TO FORGET ONESELF IS TO BE HAPPY *



BY JINGO, YOU HAVE TO GIVE THE YOUNGESTER CREDIT! IT'S JOLLY WELL REMARKABLE THE GOOD, SOUND HOGS BENSE, SHE HAS

BOOTS by Martin



WLO, OYAL—
IS BOOTS
IN?

NO HAH! SHE
SHOUNG OUT
WIF MR. DIM



GEE! WHAT'S SHE GOT
THAT I HEBENT GOT,
WITH TH' EXCEPTION OF
BLOOD CURLS, A
STREAMLINED FIGURE,
PERSONALITY,
GLAMOUR, ETC. ETC.
ETC.

Y'KNOW, HONEY—
AND'S BEEN
THINKIN' 'BOUT
YOU LATELY



IN DE JUST PLACE, ALL DE BOYS OWES
YOU AT DE TEA ROOM I OYAY! NOW,
DEY AIN'T GAWAY, BEAS YOU OUT
NONE LESS 'N DEYS GOT SOME
DOUGH, AN' IYEN DEY HAS DEY AINT
SHINE SPEND NOISE, CAUSE DEY'D
FIBBAH YOU'D WONONAH, IF DEY
HAS IT. HOW COME DOESNT DEY
PAY UP
WHAT DEY
OWES YOU



MEBBS ANS GOT
SOMETHIN' OAH,
HUH?

MEBBS, EXCEPT
THAT IT WAS THIS
WAY LOUIS B'FORE
I HAD TH' TEA
ROOM



WHY TH' MOOD INDESO?

AH W W HE!!!



Y'ES I OWED A
LITTLE BILL AT
TH' TEA ROOM—
ABOUT FOUR
BUCKS WORTH

YOU GUNS OUSHTA
BE ASHAMED! WHY
DONTCHA GIVE BASE
A SWEAK?



HUH! Y'KNOW WOT SHE DID?
SHE FOUND OUT THAT OL'
PROP. PUCKERPUSS WANTED
HIS WARD CLEANED UP—
SO SHE HERED ME OUT TO
HIM! DERNED IF SHE
DIDNT

PERTY
SMART,
I'D
GAY



YEAH! SHE WAS EVEN SMART ENOUGH
TO COLLECT FOR TH' JOB IN ADVANCE.
SHE KNOWS I'LL HAVE TGO THROUGH
WITH IT — ** I' CAUSE YA CAN
IMAGINE WOT WOND OF A MARK I'LL
GET IN ALGEBRA, IF I DONT!



WELL, I LINT
THAT!



WHATSA MATTER,
DIDNT BOB LIKE
HIS DINNER?

HE WAS ASLEEP!
I GUESS HE JUST
GOT TIRED OF
WAITING



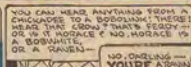
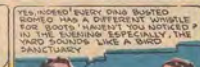
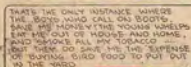
GEE I'M SORRY!
MEBBS I WAS
AWFUL SLOW!
DONT YOU
WAKE HIM UP?

SURE! BUT, TEE HEE—
I LET ON AS IF HE
HAD EATEN HIS
DINNER, AND
ASKED HIM WHY
HE DIDNT GO
HOME



'S FUNNY! I CANT REMEMBER EATIN' ANY-
THING I MUST HAVE ALL RIGHT—BUT
IT MUST'VE BEEN
DEEN SLEEPY

BOOTS by Martin



BOOTS by Martin



LAUNDRY SEEMS LIKE ALL DAT
MISTAKA POSSESSION. DOES AN
GO ROUND DE HOUSE
TURNING OFF LIGHTS



'N DAT MEANS ANS JES GOTTA TEST
ROUND BEHIND 'M 'N TUGS 'M BACK
ON ANS! 'COS AN DOESN'T BLAME
'M NONE FO WASTIN' TURT DOWN
EXPRESSIN' NO DAM



WE SAID ALL DESE YOUNG FOLKS,
BURNIN' DE CANDLE AT BOB ENDS, DONT
NEED
NO HT
LIGHT

OAT
MAN!



GEE BOOTS - I DONT SEE
WHY 'I HAD T COME WAY
OUT HERE ' I D A LOT
DADNERS HAVE SEEN TH
FOOTBALL GAME



OH, BUT THE
COUNTRY IS
SO PRETTY
THIS TIME
OF YEAR

GO IS OUR NEW
QUARTERBACK



NOW! ISNT THIS SWELL?
I THINK THE VIEW FROM
HERE IS BE OODLEFUL

YEAH, BUT TAKE AWAY TH
MOUNTAINS AN' TH LAKES,
AN' TH SUNSET -- AN'
WHAT HAVE YA GOT?



OH THERES THE PHONE - I'LL ANSWER
IT

I DONT HAVE A
DARE THIS EVENING
IF ANYONE
WANTS T KNOW



HELLO

HELLO TERRIFICNESS
THISS
SUB



LOOK! DREAM ME UP A HALF DOZEN
HAMBURGERS - A WRAP
'EM UP
WILL YA?

YOU WANT TO
TAKE THEM
OUT, 'EM



YEAH - OUT OF MY NEXT WEEK'S
ALLOWANCE

WASH TUBBS

BY ROY CRANE

OUTH AMERICA, FAREWELL! HOMEMARD BOUND ABOARD THE S.S. PLATONIC SAIL WASH AND EASY.



ALSO ABOARD IS GREEN EYED HELGA ZMITH.



OH BABY!

SAVE YOUR RAPTURE ROMEO.



GEE NOTTA BON BON! AN' I CAN'T EVEN GET TO FIRST BASE.



NOBODY CAN! SHE'S THE STUCK-UP-EST DAME I EVER SAW. SHE WON'T SWIM, DANCE, OR EVEN TALK TO A GUY!



SHE'LL TALK WITH ME.

I'LL BET A PINK COOKIE SHE WON'T. HO HO! WHO EVER GAVE YOU TH IDEA THAT YOU'RE SUCH A RED-HOT ROMEO?



NOTHING! IT JUST HAPPENS. MY DUMPY COMPANION, THAT I'VE FOUND THE YOUNG LADY'S EVENING BAG.



LEMME DO IT, EASY, PLEASE.

NOT ON YOUR LIFE, FELLA. YOU'VE TRIED TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH MISS ZMITH AND FAILED. NOW IT'S MY TURN.



I'LL RETURN HER EVENING BAG AND..... HELLO! FEELS LIKE AN AUTOMATIC INSIDE.



BLAZES! IT IS AN AUTOMATIC.

GOOD HEAVENS! HE'S SEARCHING MY BAG.



MAYBE THIS'LL LEARN YOU TO KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE THEY BELONG.



DON'T HIT HIM, PINKY! NO NO!

I'LL LEARN HIM TO INVESTIGATE LADIES' HAND BAGS!

WASH TUBBS

BY ROY CRANE



KINDLY EXPLAIN, SIR, WHY YOU WERE PLOTTING INTO MY HAND BAG.

IDLE CURIOSITY, MY DEAR MISS ZIMTH. I WAS WONDERING WHY YOU PACKED A GUN.

IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! AND DON'T YOU DARE MENTION THAT I CARRY A GUN.

CAN'T PREVISE, YOUNG LADY. I'M A CONFIRMED TITTLE TALE.

LISTEN, YOU! IT'S BECAUSE I'VE BEEN LEFT A LOTTA MONEY AND I FEEL LOTS SAFER WITH A GUN. THAT'S WHY.

AN HEIRSS? WELL, WELL, PERHAPS THAT'S WHY YOU'RE SO SNOOTY.

I'M NOT SNOOTY! I'M NOT IN THE LEAST. I JUST DON'T CARE TO— OH, FORGET IT! LET'S GO IN AND DANCE— BUT YOU WON'T MENTION THE GUN, WILL YOU?

SAY, FELLOW, YOU'RE GOOD! WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO TANGO?

PANATUELAN HOSPITAL, DURING A REVOLUTION.

IN A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, YOU SEE, AND I'D BEEN PLUGGED THRU THE ARM.

THERE WAS A LITTLE RED-HEADED NURSE, NAMED TRUE, WHO—

NEVERMIND TRUE, I WANTA HEAR ABOUT YOU! WHY, YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW THRILLED I AM, MEETING A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE!

I MEAN IT, SULLY I DO! AND WE'LL DANCE TOGETHER EVERY EVENING, WON'T WE, HONEY?

YOU BET

FOR THREE DAYS THE ROMANCE BETWEEN SNOOTY MISS ZIMTH AND BAWY BUDSONG.

WASH TUBBS

BY ROY CRANE



BARNEY HILL, OF ALL PEOPLE!!

WELL, WELL! WELL! IF IT ISN'T OLD EASY!



GOOD OLD BARNEY! WHAT THE BLAZES YOU DOING IN THIS PART O' THE WORLD?

GOTTA COUPLA HUNDRED OIL WRELLS DIER IN VENEZUELA, SON, AND I'M CLEANING UP



REMEMBER THE TIME YOU SAVED MY LIFE?

THOSE WERE THE DAYS! OVER IN VLADIVOSTOK— I'LL NEVER FORGET IT.

HA! SO THIS IS HIS IDEA OF A DATE



WISH I COULD STAY OVER, BARNEY, BUT I'M BOUND FOR THE STATES ABOARD THE PLATONIC

SAY! ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP ME STANDING HERE ALL DAY?



OH, I FORGOT! LISTEN, SUGAR, I'VE RUN ACROSS AN OLD FRIEND, YOU WONT MIND TALKING IN THE TOWN WITH WASH, WILL YOU?

OH, NOT IN THE SLIGHTEST, DEAR.



ABOARD THE PLATONIC? BOY, WHAT LUCK! WHY, I'M SENDING BEVERLY, MY LITTLE GIRL, ON THE SAME SHIP—AND YOU'RE THE VERY PERSON TO LOOK AFTER HER!

GULP!



DON'T LOOK SO GLUM ABOUT IT, YOU DANGED OLD HORSECOLLAR! HERE SHE IS, AND SHE'S A SWELL KID

WHO SAYS I'M GLUM? WHY, BARNEY, IT'S A PLEASURE!



LOOKOUT, DADDY, THEY'RE ABOUT TO LOWER THE GANGPLANK

GEE, HONEY, SO LONG, EASY, REMEMBER, I'M LEAVING BEV IN YOUR CARE, OKAY, BARNEY



WELL, HERE WE GO, SISTER, DEE, BUT IT'S THRILLING! I'M SO HAPPY I COULD CRY



HEY, YOU!



OH, HELLO, SUGAR, THIS IS BEVERLY HILL—I—AH—I'M LOOKING AFTER HER.

SO I NOTICE YOU LOP-EARED APE! FROM THE WAY YOU HOLDING HER, YOU MUST BE AFRAID SHE'LL FALL OVERBOARD.



THERE'S NO REASON TO BE JEALOUS, SUGAR

WHO'S JEALOUS? WHO SAYS I'M JEALOUS?

WASH TUBBS

BY ROY CRANE



LISTEN, YOU! I SHARE MY DATES WITH NO ONE!



Myra North



Special
Nurse
by
and
RAY THOMPSON
CHARLES COLL

ABOARD A
NORTHBOUND
TRANSPORT?

WE'LL BE IN WASH-
INGTON ANY MINUTE.
HOW LEW? WHAT'S
THIS ALL ABOUT?



WE GO AT ONCE TO HEAD-
QUARTERS OF NAVAL IN-
TELLIGENCE. THERE YOU
RECEIVE DETAILED IN-
STELLIGENTS, MYRA.



HMM... I GUESS THAT
LEAVES ME OUT IN
THE DOG HOUSE.

DON'T TAKE IT SO
SERIOUSLY, JACK. AFTER
ALL, YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOUR NEW JOB WILL
BE. TELL YOU GET TO NEW
YORK.



WELL,
SOLDIERS.

GOODBYE—I'LL BE
SEEKING YOU IN
WASHINGTON IN A
WEEK OR
SO.

HMM.



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL
BUILDING, LEW.

AH, YES—BEAUTI-
FUL, BUT SILENT.
AS YOU YOURSELF
MUST BE FROM
NOW ON.



DO RIGHT IN,
PLEASE—THE
CHIEF IS
WAITING
FOR YOU.

THANKS.



MISS NORTH, WE HAVE CALLED YOU HERE ON A
MOST DELICATE MATTER. THE NAVY HAS COMPLETED
A NEW "MYSTERY SHIP"—A HEAVY COUSSER CAPABLE
OF BEING OPERATED BY REMOTE CONTROL. THE
SECRET OF THIS SHIP'S CONSTRUCTION WOULD BE
WORTH MILLIONS TO CER-
TAIN FOREIGN POWERS!



SO ON PLEASE—
THIS SOLIDUS LIKE
A SEAL,
ASSASSINATE!

AS I WAS SAYING, MISS NORTH, THERE
ARE CERTAIN FOREIGN POWERS EAGER
TO OBTAIN THE SECRETS OF OUR
NEW "MYSTERY SHIP" AND WE
SUSPECT THAT FEDEPUS THEY
HAVE SUCCEEDED!



WE CANNOT BE CERTAIN
BECAUSE MEMORANDUMS SPEAK
EITHER PHOTOGRAPH OR MEMO-
RIZE THEIR INFORMATION. HOW-
EVER, OUR SUSPICIOUS CENTER
ON A TRIP CAFE IN LAKESIDE
FREQUENTED BY NAVAL MEN
ON LEAVE.



WE ARE HANDICAPPED IN OUR INVESTIGATION
BECAUSE SEVERAL OF OUR MEN HAVE BEEN
SPOTTED THERE RECENTLY AND I REGRET
TO SAY HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.



I THINK I
UNDERSTAND—

WHAT YOU NEED NOW IS A
NEW FACE—SOMEONE TO
CARRY ON YOUR INVESTI-
GATIONS WHO IS NOT SO
LIKELY TO BE RECOGNIZED!



Myra North



Special Nurse
by *ford*
RAY THOMPSON
CHARLES COLL

THAT'S IT EXACTLY, MISS NORTH—WE WANT YOU TO ASSUME THE CHARACTER OF A "FOOL" BUT "HONEST" WORKING GIRL—GO TO THAT CAFE IN LONGBOY AND DO UP WHATEVER EVIDENCE YOU CAN AGAINST THESE BIRDS!



I KNOW WE'RE ASKING A LOT OF YOU, BUT YOU MAY BE ASSURED OF THE FULL COOPERATION OF ALL GOVERNMENT RESOURCES!

THANK YOU, CHIEF—I'LL DO GLADLY!



AND NOW BEGINS STARTLING TRANSITION TO LILY JAMES!

LILY JAMES? WHO IN THE WORLD IS SHE?



LILY JAMES IS SMALL, TOWN GIRL, COME TO BIG CITY INTENT ON SUCCESS!

AH, I GET IT—THIS IS THE MAKE-UP ROOM!



THIS IS A PLEASANT ASSIGNMENT, MR. WEN—GENERALLY I HAVE TO MAKE OUR BOYS LOOK LIKE "TOOTS"

SUGGEST CHARACTER, "LILY JAMES" BE HOW-DREABLE MASTERPIECE! GOOD START ALL READY MADE BY DYING HAIR!



NOW WE'LL ALTER THE BROW LINE—AND THEN THE MOUTH SHOULD BE MADE FULLER—



AND NOW FOR SOME THING NIFTY IN A COFFUSE—HOW'S THIS ONE, LEW?

MOST ATTRACTIVE, SUREST

SAV, DOESN'T ANYBODY "WINK" OF CONDUCTING ME!



YOU MAY COO! BUT YOUR MIRROR NOW!



I MUST ADMIT LEW THAT I'D SCARCELY RECOGNIZE MYSELF! WHAT DO I DO NOW?



ONE HOUR LATER....

SUGGEST YOU AMBLE WITH CROWD AND LEAVE BUILDING LINE NIGHT—SEEN VISITOR THEN TAKE BUS TO LONGBOY CAFE CALLED "FIDDLE SLIPPER"—IS SUSPECTED SPY RENDEZVOUS.



ALL RIGHT, LEW—I'M READY, SAY—AM I TO WEAR THAT BAUBLE "TOO"!



JEMIELED BOOCH MOST BY FORMALITY ITEM OF ATTIRE. SAME IS CLAMOROUSLY DEvised CAMO CAMERA? TIS HOPE YOU CATCH FACE OF NUMBER ONE SPY!

I SEE! THE CENTER "BRILLIANT" IS REALLY A LEAD, WHEN YOU PRESS THE SAFETY CLASP YOU SNAP THE PICTURE. THAT'S REALLY CLEVER!



Myra North



Special Nurse

by *and* RAY THOMPSON
CHARLES COLL

TO THE CASUAL OBSERVER, THE ATTRACTIVE GIRL LEAVING THE DEPT. OF JUSTICE BUILDING IS JUST ANOTHER OUT-OF-TOWN VISITOR TAKING IN THE SIGHTS OF THE NATION'S CAPITAL...



SHARPLY AND BRILLIANTLY ALERT, MYRA NORTH IN THE CASUAL DISGUISE OF LILY JAMES, ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S MOST DANGEROUS SECRET AGENTS!



"I'M YOUNG, VIVACIOUS, NOT TOO INTELLECTUAL... NO PARTICULAR TALENT, BUT STRONG AND WILLING TO WORK... AND PRACTICALLY ASHORE!"



BOARDING THE LONGBAY BUS, SHE MENTALLY REHEARSES THE CHARACTER SHE MUST PLAY IN ORDER TO PENETRATE THE SECRETS OF THE "PURPLE SLIPPER."

IF I FORGET THAT JUST ONCE, I'LL BE CERTAINLY FOR "LILY JAMES"?



LONGBAY - END OF 'M' LINE - ALL OUT!

"PARDON ME... CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO GET TO THE 'PURPLE SLIPPER'?"

SURE THING, NO-TWO BLOCKS UP BAY STREET. YOU CAN'T MISS IT - WHARTA DIVE!

THAT DRIVER WAS RIGHT - THIS SURE IS A TOUGH SECTION OF TOWN!



NOWDY BADE!

WELL, THIS IS THE PLACE - GUESS IT'S TIME FOR LILY JAMES TO PUT ON HER BIG ACT!



The PURPLE SLIPPER

LOOK, LADS - WE GOT COMPANY!

SIT OVER HERE, CUTIE.



INSIDE THE PURPLE SLIPPER, MYRA PUSHES HER WAY THROUGH THE NOISY CROWD TO AN OBSCURE TABLE.

WHAT KIND OF A JOINT IS THIS - DON'T THOSE GUYS KNOW HOW TO TREAT A LADY?



DON'T LET 'EM NEEDLE YOU, SISTER - TH' BOY'S IS OKAY... WHAT'LL 'A HAVE?



BRING ME TH' BIGGEST STEAK IN THE PLACE - I'M STARVED!

STRANGE, DAVE JUST BLEW IN BOSS, TALKS KINDA TOUGH!



SO I SEE, BOGGO.

Myra North



Special Nurse
by Jand
RAY THOMPSON
CHARLES COLL



WHILE WAITING FOR HER ORDER, MYRA CAREFULLY OBSERVES THE PEOPLE GATHERED IN THE NOTICIOUS "PURPLE SLIPPER."

AH—I SEE LILY JAMES HAS MADE A CONQUEST ALREADY, THAT TALL HANDSOME MAN OVER THERE. HE'S WATCHING MY EVERY MOVE!

I SAY, BOCCO—WHO IS OUR SAUCY LITTLE FRIEND WITH THE JEWELLED BROOCH?

I'LL FIND OUT, MR. CARDELL.

THAT'S THE STUFF, WAITER—I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT A HORSE... BUT I HOPE THIS ISN'T IT!

APOORN, MISS, BUT THAT GENT OVER THERE SAYS HE'D LIKE TO KNOW YOU!



YEAH? WELL, JUST TELL YOUR BO-HEARTED GENT I'M NOT IN THE LEAST INTERESTED. THE ANSWER IS NO!

YOU HEARD? ME, WAITER—TELL YOUR PAL OVER THERE TO KEEP HIS MIND ON HIS SOUL!

TAKE IT EASY, KID—YOU CAN'T TREAT HIM LIKE THAT! WHY, THAT'S EDDIE CARDELL! HE'S GOTTA BE IN DOUGH!

THEN WHAT'S HE DOIN' IN A DIVE LIKE THIS?



HE LIKES THE SEA AN' SEAFARIN' MEN... WHY HE'S GOT A SWELL BIG YACHT HIMSELF!

WELL, MAYBE I'LL GIVE HIM A TUMBLE SOME OTHER TIME. WHERE'S MY CHECK?

HERE... EIGHTY CENTS PLUS TAX.

UH-OH! IT'S GONE!

WAITER! I DREAMT I HAD LOST THE PURSE OUT OF MY MANDRILL!

SURE, I KNOW—IT'S THE OLD GAG... I'LL CALL TH' BOSS!



TAKE IT, BEN—THE STRANGE DAME'S BUSTED!

OH, YEAH!

I TELL YOU I HAD THREE DOLLARS IN MY PURSE WHEN I CAME IN HERE! B-BUT I'LL GLADLY WORK IT OFF IF YOU...

LISTEN, SISTER—I'M GRABBING YOU THIRTY SECONDS TO SCRAM OUTA HERE, CR—

JUST A MINUTE, BEN—WOULDN'T YOU SAY THAT HANDSOME BROOCH THE LADY'S WEARING MIGHT MAKE AMPLE SECURITY?

A BARREL OF FUN!



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